

Questioning the New Year.

New Year, I would that I might read  
Your purpose through!  
I wonder if your promised deed  
To me is true;  
But while your flattery I receive,  
In truth I hardly dare believe  
Or trust in you.

For ah! the Year whose hoary head  
Now lieth low,  
Came in with smiles like yours widespread,  
Twelve months ago,  
And oh! the hopes so rich and rare,  
That with his promises so fair  
He helped me sow!

But when at last the harvest came,  
I gathered naught,  
No golden treasure met my claim,  
Thou' long I sought.  
And we are glad—my heart and I—  
To see at last this Old Year die,  
For all he brought.

And now you come! what do you hold?  
What do you bring?  
What blessings are for me enrolled?  
What songs to sing?  
Ah, well! New Year! from day to day—  
What'er you give or take away—  
Still, Hope is king!

—From the Aldine for February.

THE DIVER'S STORY.

To be caught in a tight place, with twenty fathoms of water above, and a stillness, as of death, about you, a slender cord your only means of communication with those above—to be caught in a tight place, I say, under these circumstances, is about enough to craze a man outright! I can tell you, sir—and the old diver leaned back in his chair, and fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the roaring fire before which we were seated—I can tell you, sir, it's often a toss of a penny with us, when we once get in among the timbers of an old wreck, if we ever come to the surface again.

I remember a pretty tight fix I got into when we were diving into the Conqueror, up the Sound, off the Connecticut shore. She was coming in from the Mediterranean, after a three years' cruise with the 'middies,' and went down in a gale in sight of home, with every soul on board. I was young then, and anxious to be the first sent down into her, for the sake of the reputation it would give me; for reputation meant money, and money, you see, was the only reason Nettie and I were deferring our marriage. You can understand how matters stood, and how glad I was when in receipt of orders to make the first dive into the old man-of-war.

The sea was running pretty high as I was carried down in my heavy armor from the deck of the steamer to the float alongside, where the ropes by which to haul me up again, were fastened on; the india-rubber tube, through which I was to be supplied with air, was adjusted, and I stood listening to my final instructions before being put overboard.

"Now, dear boy," said my old friend and instructor, Lott, the famous deep-sea diver, who came forward to close the little glass window in my helmet, "take good care of yourself, and don't stay long below. The currents are swift and treacherous about here; and keep an eye to your ropes, or they'll get tangled. Now, then, good-by, old fellow, and good luck to you?" and with a pleasant smile he closed the glass door before my eyes, and fastened over it the protecting wire netting.

They bore me up in their arms to the side of the float, where the hungry waves were leaping up, as though greedily opening their foaming frothy jaws to receive me.

I dropped into the waves with a splash, sinking swiftly down through the brilliant sunlit waters, which, though rough and boisterous at their surface, suddenly grew calm as I passed below. I glanced up at the sun, which appeared as a great ball of fire, but, growing smaller and smaller as I sank lower, it finally seemed like the tiny red spark of a candle, and then faded from sight. I noticed that the waters were lit by a pale greenish haze, much like the effect of the moonlight in a light, drifting fog; but these observations were cut short by my realizing that I was near bottom, and looking below, I found myself over a bank of tall, thick sea-weed.

Knowing that if I were once entangled in them, they would hold me there forever, I pulled the signal-rope violently, and my descent was checked just as my feet touched the treacherous grasses. The tide bore me slowly along and passed them, turning me around again and again in the eddies, and making my head so giddy that I was heartily glad when I cleared the bank and stood at last upon the bright sandy bottom. The shells and gravel on the bed of the waters were most delicate and beautiful in formation, and exquisite in design, but so tender that even shells crumbled at my touch.

I hurried on with the current until I saw before me what I judged to be the great wooden walls of the Conqueror, but on nearing it I found it to be a reef of rocks, fancifully honey-combed from end to end, and in and out among the little arched halls of these fern covered chambers the fish were chasing each other playfully or hanging idly in the waters.

Passing around these rocks, I came up on a mass of tangled rigging, and a few steps further brought me to the man-of-war half buried where she lay, in the drifting sand, her spars and top-masts crushed and splintered upon her decks; her sails and rigging hanging over the side and resting upon the broken bulwarks.

Great caution was necessary lest I should become entangled among the ropes or caught under the shifting timbers, and making my way slowly to the companion-way, I sent up this signal:

"3—2—1—7—"

"I am about to enter the vessel!" "I shall be in danger!" "Play out the rope freely and give me plenty of air!"

I had left the cabin door open, and freed the imprisoned dead men. One of the dead sailors had floated up to the deck, and, by some horrible chance, the tide bore him directly toward me. Was I to die surrounded once more by these ghastly sentinels as a death watch?

He was borne borne slowly along on the current, his eyes wide open in an awful stare, his arms outstretched, as though

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

H C Rider  
MEXICO

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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I made my way to the lower deck, and found myself in the forward cabin. It was very dark, and I groped about for the doorway, knowing that once in the main saloon, the deck-lights would enable me to see more distinctly.

Clearing the rubbish and drifting sand from about the doorway, I burst it open, and was about to enter, when I paused to summon courage before entering. A moment, and my nervousness was over; I put my shoulder to the door, shoved it back against the waters, and resolutely entered. An awful silence was upon everything—a silence as of death. I was alone at the bottom of the sea, in the saloon of the Conqueror, and close about me were postured like grim sentinels set to watch me in my work, the officers and crew of two hundred.

Yes, there were the ill-fated men, as they stood when death overtook them on that awful night, when they were hurried from their berths on the alarm that they were sinking. Before they could reach the stairway, the mighty water had rushed in upon them, and they died where it had met them, at the threshold.

The eddying waters carried them here and there through the cabin, but still, so close were they to one another, that I had to part them now and then to reach the after cabin, and more than one turned, as I slowly passed along, and followed in the wake I made behind me. Their faces were often close against my helmet, and it horrified me to notice that they all wore still upon their features the impression of the terror that had come upon them in death.

You mustn't think me heartless if I say I went at once to my work, for we divers constantly go through such scenes; and I knew well enough, before I went down, that they were awaiting me there. I felt it as keenly as you would, sir; but I was sent down to do certain things, and I had to start about it at once. Still, I was glad enough when I stood again on deck, ready to go above with my first report, and I gave a good strong pull on the signal-rope.

A moment passed, and I was terrified at receiving no response from a second or third signal!

I pulled the rope again violently—waited—still no reply!

Great Heaven! what did it all mean? Had they forgotten me? Were they to leave me there at the bottom of the sea with that awful crew? I no sooner realized my helplessness than an uncontrollable terror took possession of me, while horrible doubts and fears came crowding into my brain. Surely they would not desert me!—surely they had not forgotten me! I pulled madly at the cord once more, and glancing up perceived that there was something steadily resisting my efforts from the masthead above.

Was it some monster that was playing with my rope?—some great fish that was holding it in his jaws? In my desperation I threw my whole weight on it, and—it gave way, and fell slowly, silently on the deck at my feet! The ragged, frayed ends, which had become entangled in the rigging, were in my hands, and the upper half of the ropes had floated far away with the tide.

I was alone at the bottom of the sea, with no means of signaling my distress. The India-rubber tube, which was my only means of breathing, was yet left to me; but as soon as they should begin to wind in the ropes and tube, on some supposed signal from me, it would snap in two, and the waters would come in upon me.

I need not tell you of the wild terror which took possession of me; you could not appreciate it. I knew the men were close to me—only thirty yards above—yet I must die because I could not reach them! I raved like a madman, and tried to tear my armor from me, but its iron rivets held me fast. I shouted piteously, uselessly, through the silent waters, my cry going no further than the wall of my helmet. I was beside myself in my awful terror. I tried to pray, but I could not control my maddened brain.

I fell upon the deck at last, exhausted—in an ominous stupor—a sudden despair—and sank into unconsciousness. When I recovered, I was calm—prayer came to my lips, and with it a peace and resignation to my heart.

I closed my eyes quietly, and waited for the death I was powerless to defer. Waited for it with my head laid on my arm as I used to sleep in the dear old days at home. Waiting quietly for its coming, praying God that it might come upon me gently, and asking that I might fall into unconsciousness when it was close at hand.

Was I Crazy? Was I mad, or was this a new torture for me in my last moments? I had laid quiet but a moment, when I started up in terror, uttering a cry—a weak, miserable cry, which died on my lips as I sank again on the deck and closed my eyes to a terrible sight before me.

I had left the cabin door open, and freed the imprisoned dead men. One of the dead sailors had floated up to the deck, and, by some horrible chance, the tide bore him directly toward me. Was I to die surrounded once more by these ghastly sentinels as a death watch?

He was borne borne slowly along on the current, his eyes wide open in an awful stare, his arms outstretched, as though

to embrace me, welcoming me to the unknown world. I fell prostrate on the deck in my terror, but he floated on slowly, the tide casting him up against me, when he fell at my side.

I caught him, in my desperation, to fling him from me, but his arms closed tight about me in an iron embrace, and his face was close to mine—the face of old Lott, the diver, who had come down through the waters to save me, and in whose stout arms I was borne up, and carried insensible to the boats above.

"We saw what was wrong right away, dear boy," he said to me afterward, "when the ragged ends of your ropes floated to the surface. There was only one way of reaching you, old fellow, and I can tell you we flew around lively. We had no 'bell' to go down to you in, so we just fastened some weights to my feet, and ropes to my arms. I took a rubber mouth-piece between my teeth, and dropped overboard. The water oppressed me fearfully, and I couldn't have stood it more than a few minutes. In that few minutes I found you, old fellow, caught you in my arms, and signalled them to haul us up mighty quick. I couldn't have stood it much longer, dear boy, for it was killing me."

I took his dear hands in mine, and looked into his good, honest eyes. With a swelling heart I told him in such words as I could, of my gratitude for his heroic efforts when he came down through the waters at the risk of his own life to save mine.

Henry Wilberforce Brown, Widower.

He was at the Central Station last night, in cell No. 6. He wasn't drunk, and he looked so neat and clean that a reporter was led to inquire why he was detained as a prisoner. Henry Wilberforce Brown is a widower, 63 years of age, and lives in Kent county, where he owns a farm. He arrived here on the Sunday night train for the purpose of hunting a wife, and early Monday morning he started out. He didn't intend to lose any time, but as soon as he found the right sort of a woman, meant to go to Justice, have the knot tied and start for home.

At the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues he encountered a smart looking young girl, and he stopped her and said:

"Miss, my name is Henry Wilberforce Brown. I am the father of three children, have horses, cows, and a farm, and I want a wife. I like your appear—"

She jumped away from him and ran across the street, and he decided that she wouldn't make a good wife any way. He meandered up as far as Larned street before he saw another face that suited him, and he halted the woman and said:

"Lady, my name is Henry Wilberforce Brown, I am the father of three children, own a nice farm, have lots of money, and I want to marry. You are a mighty handsome woman, and if you will say the word, we'll go and get—"

"Sir!" she said as she stepped back; "sir! you are a drunken old fool!"

"You wouldn't suit me—too much temper!" he replied, and he waved his hand at her and passed on.

He was gazing at the City Hall when a portly female came sailing around the corner of Michigan avenue, and the widower took off his hat, made a low bow, and as she halted and wondered who he was, he said:

"Madame, I am Henry Wilberforce Brown. I am the father of three children, have horses, cows, and a farm, and I am looking for a wife."

"Sir!" she gasped, retreating a little. "Oh! no offense, madam!" he went on. "I am looking for a wife, and perhaps you can assist me. It so, I will send you a hull lot of produce to pay for your trouble. I didn't want to marry you, because you are too stout, and I know that stout women are often as lazy as the day; but perhaps you can tell me of some nice little—"

"You old wretch!" she shrieked; "you ought to be lashed to the bone with a raw hide! If I could see a policeman (looking around) I'd have you in jail in five minutes!"

Henry Wilberforce Brown was somewhat discouraged by his failures, but he concluded that patience and perseverance would bring him success before noon, and he walked around the Opera House block. He carefully noted every passing female, and it was half an hour before he found one to suit. He thought he had, perhaps, been too bold with the others, and so when he stopped this one he inquired: "Miss, you know lots of women in Detroit, don't you?"

"What?" she asked in amazement. "This is nice weather to go on a bridal tour!" he continued, giving her a powerful wink with his left eye.

She ran into a store, supposing him drunk or crazy, and after a little reflection he decided that the boldest way was the best. He would state his business frankly, and then if they didn't want to marry him, there would be no time lost. He started for the market, but on Monroe avenue he encountered another female whose face suited his idea, and he walked right up to her and said:

"Miss, I am the father of several farms, and my name is Henry Wilberforce Brown. I own three children, several cows, and I want to find a—"

"Police!" she screamed, striking at him with her umbrella.

"Oh! no offense, madam; if you are engaged—"

"Po-leece!" she shouted, fighting him back.

"My name is Henry Wilberforce B—," he was going on, when several men grabbed him, and an officer came running up and tore his coat-collar and flogged him around, and walked him to the station.

Thus, briefly told, are the reasons why Henry Wilberforce Brown, widower, occupied cell No. 6 last night.

A Poor Girl's Hair.

A few weeks ago a young and poorly clad girl entered a barber's shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that he must "buy her head." The friseur examined her long, glossy, chestnut locks, and began to bargain. He could give her eight gulden, and no more. Hair was plentiful this year, the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other phrases of the kind. The little maiden's eyes were filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut lock. She finally threw herself into a chair, and said:

"In God's name, take it quickly."

The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clench it with his shears, when a gentleman who sat half-shaved, looking on, told him to stop.

"My child," he said, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?"

"My mother has been nearly five months ill. I cannot work enough to support us; everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house."

"No, no, my child, if that is the case, I will buy your hair, and will give you 100 gulden for it."

He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand, he took the longest hair, cut it off, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, thus paying 100 florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. He is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city.

Interview with Mark Twain.

It took some preparation to get Mr. Twain's mind to be in a condition to be interviewed. He didn't take to it naturally, though he was extremely willing. At last, however, the interviewer got Mark's wandering attention fixed, and at it they went, in good earnest.

Q. How old are you?  
A. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?  
A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?  
A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be if you are only nineteen now?  
A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Who do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?  
A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you could never have met Aaron Burr if you are only nineteen years.  
A. Now if you know more about me than I do what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a question; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?  
A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q. But, if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?  
A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead?  
A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?  
A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What did you think?  
A. O, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you?—However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?  
A. Monday, October 31, 1853.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you 180 years old. How do you account for that?  
A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be 180. It is an awful discrepancy.

Q. Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands) many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

The Most Curious Place in Northern Europe.

Rev. C. A. Stoddard writes to the Observer an account of his visit to the town of Wisby, the chief place in Gotland, in Northern Europe. He says:

Gotland is the largest island in the southern part of the Baltic, being eighty miles long and thirty-three miles wide. It is a limestone formation, and the rocks are full of fossils and petrefactions. A considerable business is done at Wisby in making columns for churches, and marble table tops, and brooches and other ornaments of the choice specimens of the stone and coral formations.

Here nearly five hundred years before America was discovered, was a mart of commerce and a seat of wealth unrivaled by any other seaport in Northern Europe. Across the plains of Tartary, and up the rivers, and over the steppes of what is now Russia, came the caravans of merchants, with their costly goods, which were shipped in multitudes of vessels to Gotland. This lonely island in the Baltic began to attract people from all nations. The Arabians brought their precious stones, and silver became the currency of the country. The choicest collection of Arabic coins in existence is probably that in the Museum of Antiquities at Stockholm, and this was chiefly gathered from the Island of Gotland. Wisby became the emporium of the West, and during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it was the principal factory of the Hanseatic League.

The whole island of Gotland is of interest. In a drive of thirty-six miles we visited a dozen ancient churches, and left more than eighty unseen. Many of these have been restored, and having been thoroughly white-washed, thus covering up their former elegant carvings and tracery, and being supplied with hideous paintings and wooden images of Christ and the Virgin Mary, they are used for Lutheran worship. The people are religious, and these restored (?) churches are thronged by the simple peasants, some of whom are doubtless the descendants of those cultivated and wealthy merchants who filled the island with luxury, and the arts which wait on wealth, seven centuries ago. But I must stop. If you have over-run Europe, and long for something fresh in the way of sight-seeing, go to Gotland and you will get it. If you are tired with traveling and want cool, delicious, invigorating air, and perfect quiet, go to Wisby. True, it is some distance away from New York, but what do Americans care for time or distance? And although Wisby is a sleepy old town of the dead past, on a lonely Baltic isle, thanks to Morse, you can telegraph from there to New York in half an hour. What more can any citizen desire!

English Children.

The new-born English aristocrat receives, as soon as born, a little bed with a hard mattress. From its earliest age it is taken, warmly wrapped, into the fresh air. After the first year its meals are reduced to three, and this rule is so unchangeable that no child thinks of requiring anything more; and from this time its food is rich milk and bread and butter, and good meat. After breakfast it remains several hours in the open air, and then sleeps. Never are English children entrusted to the care of a young nursery maid; but to an elderly, experienced person, under whose directions they constantly are. As soon as the young girl goes to school the carriage of the head and shoulders becomes an object of attention, and under no circumstances is she permitted to sit otherwise than upright. "My child grows but once," says an English mother, "and therefore nothing is so important as her physical development. Everything else can be acquired later." An English child rises at seven, breakfasts at eight, dines at one, sups at seven, and at nine o'clock goes to bed. Until twelve years of age they pass the greater part of the day in the open air, with only about four hours' mental work. The young English aristocrat maiden dines first with her parents at eighteen years of age, when she leaves school and makes her debut in society. She is fresh and blooming as a rose, with light steps, and eyes beaming with pleasure and life. Her frequent laugh displays her beautiful teeth, and her hair is rich and abundant. Here, for the first time, fashionable Violet displays her fine fullness or contour. London possesses noble museums, galleries of art and treasures of architecture, but one of the most charming of its sights may be seen on fine afternoons in Hyde Park—crowds of children merrily playing, earthly angels of incomparable beauty. A sight equally interesting may be witnessed after service on Sunday, at the Foundling hospital—several hundred children, ranging from five to thirteen years of age, and of the most noble physique and absolutely bewildering beauty. Two of the most wonderful sights of Europe are the children of England and the flowers of Paris.—*Ed.*

The Great West.

People of the East, who have never visited the great West, know very little of that country, its inhabitants and their habits. West of Ohio and Michigan the country is largely prairie, timber being in the small minority. The timber mostly belts the streams. The prairies, so far from being grand plains, are undulating or rolling. Illinois has much level prairie, but parts of Illinois, the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and westward, are made up of ridges and ravines and broken lands. In some parts rocky bluffs project, and deep gorges are found below. The great Missouri River crosses from northwest to southeast, and its tributaries on its west have the same general course; so also with the general great ridges and ravines; they lie in great waves like a sea driven by a southwest wind.

The soil is a deep, sandy loam, rich and flexible. The stone of the West is generally in large rocky beds, but in parts may be found on the surface, in boulder form; and in some parts very large boulders, weighing, in some instances, many tons.

The West is not "the land of steady habits," for all parts of the United States, and nearly all parts of the known world, are represented there. It requires a little time, but we soon come to use the phrases and conform to the general habits and customs of any civilized country in which we dwell. The great American conflict excited many from parts of the South to seek quiet, peaceful homes on the Western bank of the Missouri River. These brought with them a Southern dialect. The Western speech is a blending of Southern and Eastern dialect. Here are a few phrases, which may not be uninteresting to any who may chance to notice this article. "Yer mighty right," for, You are right. "Yer may be mighty shoof," for, You may be sure. "Ho, thataway," for, O that way. "He's mighty noshment thataway," for, He is notional. "She's powerful weak," for, She is very weak. "Onct" for once. "Twist" for twice. "Thishyer" for this here. We never hear the old Eastern, familiar "nan, nan," but always "sheep, sheep," which, doubtless, is more correct; "nan" being used as an interjection, intended more to call attention than another name for the sheep.

There is a largeness in all the Western business transactions not to be found in all the East. We much prefer the Eastern customs in bargain, for Western largeness borders hard upon prodigal looseness. A merchant's clerk, whose habits were formed in the West, would scarcely find and retain a situation in an Eastern mercantile establishment without some change in his habits.

West of the Missouri River the penny is scarcely known. Prices run five or six for a nickel; 10c, or two for 15c; 15c, or two for "two bits"; 20c, 25c, &c.

The people are generally hospitable, and expect the same in return. Yet in large towns and cities, if not very careful, the stranger traveler will get awfully duped. Pocket sharps are at every turn—your money, legitimately or otherwise.

The West is a goodly land, populating rapidly, with an enterprising and generally wholesome people. Its agricultural resources are grand, and are destined, in some future day, to unlock some of the Eastern money vaults, at least some of the smaller ones, and bear their treasures away into that land of large enterprise.

E. D. PHILLIPS.  
Colosse, Jan. 21, 1875.

Letter from Minnesota.

SWAN LAKE, Minn., Jan. 16, 1875.  
MR. HUMPHRIES:—Having been here seven weeks, I feel that I can write something about this country and how I like it.

I left Mexico Nov. 24th, and arrived at St. Paul, on Thursday evening; staid at Mrs. Julia Breed's, in that city, till Saturday, the 28th, when I took the morning train for Dassel, where my sister met me and welcomed me to her home. While staying with her my father came for me, and I am now stopping with him.

I just begin to realize what a great and grand country we have. In riding through Northern Ohio and Indiana I thought it was beautiful, and it was very pleasant to feel that I lived in this land, where everything is made so attractive for man. In riding through Central Wisconsin the scenery was grand beyond any picture I ever saw, and the whole route was full of interest.

I like Minnesota very much indeed. The town of Swan Lake is only seven years old, and the improvements are great for its age. There are many hardy pioneers here, but it needs more energetic and working men and women to give a good moral and Christian tone to society. There is no church in the town yet that I have heard of, but meetings are held in the school-houses. The Baptists, M. E. South, and Adventists are the principal Societies.

Father is doing well, and his location is very pleasant; his health is better

now than it has been since he came here. It is very cold here, but not more so than some days we have in the East, but it hangs on longer, and is more dry than there.  
J. A. A.

An Original Exposition of the "Fall."

The speaker was an elderly negro who had been a "hand" on one of the vessels on the lower Potomac. He said the devil first tried to get Adam to eat the apple, "but enny man in all the senses mighter knowed he debil couldn't er done dat ar; Adam's too smart fur Ole Nick when he had nuffin but hisself ter tuk care on. But de debil knew, caze he was in hoben fo' de Lo'd frew him outen dar,—he knew dar was a woman to be made, an' so he just hove out de anchor an' waited fur de woman. When Eve cum' long he knew he'd got sure ting on dat ar apple; an' he hove 'long side whar she's a sittin' an' wispers in her ear an' says she's mighty nice gal; an' she's so tickled wid his fine speeches dat she jus' say guv her de apple when he ask her don't she want it. De debil so pleased to see she fooled so easy he like to larf out loud. Women is mighty hard creetur to do ennything sensible wid,—dey jus' done go contrary ev'ry time dey can, an' when Eve got her min' made up to eat it ef de Lo'd himself tell her let um alone. Soon's she done eat it de debil say to hisself, 'she made muss dat ar garden Eben', an' she kinder hear what he tink, an' make up her wicked min' to tice Adam to eat toder one. So she cum' longside one time when she seen him setting under de tree, an' say, 'Adam, eat dis yer,—he's berry nice.' But Adam say he won't, an shekeetateen him an' sayin' howshelovehim, an' finally he's 'ticed, an' eats dat bad apple; an' den de angel Gabriel fly 'long dar' and druv 'em bof outen de garden, an' say dey bof hav' ter work fur dey liven.' But Adam neber eat dat ar apple 'except Eve done gone 'tice him; an' he didn't do it den 'less he love her, an' she such a tongue, like all de women, she make him b'lieve brack is white."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Table Customs.

While certain forms of table etiquette are altogether conventional, even fantastic, the forms usually observed are founded on good sense, and adapted to general convenience. Table etiquette is not, as is often alleged, merely a matter of fashion, although some things that were in vogue a generation or two ago, are no longer deemed polite. The reason is that manners and table furniture have undergone so many changes, and have really so much improved as to require a mutual adjustment. For example, everybody was accustomed, twenty or thirty years since, to use the knife to carry food to the mouth, because the fork of the day was not adapted to the purpose. Since the introduction of the four-tined silver fork, it has so entirely supplanted the knife that the usage of the latter, in that way, is not only superfluous, but is regarded as a vulgarity.

Another example is the discontinuance of the custom of turning tea or coffee from the cup into the saucer. Although small plates were frequently employed to set the cup in, they were not all in general use, and even when they were used the tea or coffee was likely to be spilled upon the cloth.

The habit, likewise, of putting one's knife into the butter arose from the fact that the butter-knife proper had not been thought of. Such customs as these once necessitated by circumstances, are now obviously inappropriate.

Certain habits, however, are regulated by good taste and delicacy of feeling, and the failure to adopt them argues a lack of fine perception or social insight. One of these is eating or drinking audibly. No sensitive person can hear any one taking his soup or coffee or other liquid, without positive annoyance. Yet those who would be very unwilling to consider themselves ill-bred are constantly guilty of such breaches of politeness. The defect is that they are not so sensitive as those with whom they come in contact. They would not be disturbed by the offence; they never imagine, therefore, that any one else can be. It is for them that rules of etiquette are particularly designed. Were their instinct correct, they would not need the rule which, from the absence of instinct, appears to them irrational, purely arbitrary.

To rest one's elbow on the table is more than a transgression of courtesy it is an absolute inconvenience to one's neighbors. Awkwardness to position, such as sitting too far back from or leaning over the table, are reckoned as rudenesses, because they put others ill at ease through fear of such accidents as are liable to happen from any uncouthness.

These and kindred matters are trifles; but social life is so largely composed of trifles that to disregard them wholly is a serious affront. We hardly realize to what extent our satisfaction or dissatisfaction is made up of things in themselves insignificant, until their observance or non-observance is brought directly home to us.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

John Amos, who was some time back charged at the Lambeth police court, England, with the murder of his wife by throwing her into the Surrey canal, but who was acquitted, applied to the magistrate, Mr. Chance, the other day, and complained that several of his deceased wife's relatives had since then called out to him in the street, making use of such expressions as "There is the — that drowned his wife." Early in the morning a number of persons came to where he lived, and made up a kind of song, with a chorus of "He is the man that drowned his wife." He had been interfered with on other occasions in the street, and he now asked the Court to give him some protection. The magistrate promised to protect him.

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1875.

The Journal and Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror will be sent for one year for \$1.85, post paid, to any address.

The Annals for January.

The quarterly opens with an article by J. H. Pettigall, of New York, "Language, its nature and functions," which most readers will skip and hurry on to the very practical article by Mr. H. W. Syle on reference libraries; librarians in the various institutions will peruse this with interest and thanks to the favorite contributor. After this comes a lot of miscellany which certainly helps to fill up, but for the most part is not particularly interesting. The closing paper of the number, "John Robertson Burnet, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D.," has been expected for some time, and is a tribute to a deaf-mute whose life-work certainly deserves it. Mr. Burnet was one of those men appreciated best by the circle in which they move, though to members of the profession and deaf-mute readers generally he was by no means a stranger, and the author, poet, teacher, scholar is missed more or less all over the deaf-mute land.

Chicago Ahead!

The efforts of the deaf-mutes of Chicago to start a day school for the mutes of that city appear to have been very successful. The school was opened on the fourth of January with Mr. P. A. Emery, an intelligent semi-mute, in charge.

Notices.

There will be a service for deaf-mutes in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, Classon Ave., on Sunday Feb. 14th, at 4 p. m.

The Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association invite attendance upon a course of six lectures to be given in the Sunday School Room of St. Ann's Church, 18th St., near 5th Ave., on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock, beginning Feb. 11th. The lectures will be given by Messrs. Lloyd, Jewell, Van Tassel, Reaves, Gamage and Conklin of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

There will be a Grand Social Festival of Deaf-Mutes in the splendid new Parker Memorial Hall, cor. Berkeley and Appleton Sts., Boston, Mass., on Thursday evening, Feb. 22, 1875. The Hall will be open all night, and a grand supper will be served at 10 o'clock by Tufts, the well known caterer. Distinguished deaf-mutes and their friends have promised to be present. One and all are invited.

Tickets, including admission to the supper, \$1.50. Admission to the Hall, \$1.00.

For tickets, apply to Robert D. Livingston, 106 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Ohio Alumni Association hold a reunion at Columbus, Aug. 27th-29th, 1875. Mr. D. H. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution, will be the orator of the day. The Convention of the Empire State Association commences at Watertown on Aug. 25th, 1875. Hardly time to attend both.

Acknowledgment.

We are indebted to Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger for a copy of the Ledger Almanac for 1875. It is a beautifully printed and well arranged publication, gilt edges and all that. It is a home book of reference and a treasury of useful information on local and general subjects and events, and is presented to the subscribers of the Ledger as an every-day companion for the year 1875.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the Albany Evening Journal Almanac for 1875, with thanks. It is reliable, admirably arranged and contains as large an amount of general information as any of its kind. Single copy, 25 cents; seven copies, \$1; one hundred copies, by express, \$15. Address Weed, Parsons & Co., 39 and 41 Columbia St., Albany, N. Y.

The Deaf-Mute World.

The Deaf-Mute Mirror of Jan. 8th sends out gratis to its subscribers a finely

executed combined alphabet and calendar. It is a very handy thing to have around; our Associate keeps it posted up in his office and when any body drops in and bothers, he sends them to study the alphabet therefrom.

Charles Mead, a former pupil of the Michigan Institution, has become insane and been placed in an asylum. It is bad enough to be deaf and dumb, but to be insane in addition is horrible.

The Niles correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, sends the following to that paper:

Twelve years ago Harriet Johnson became the wife of one Jeremiah, whose last name is the same, and who is a deaf-mute. During that period she has suffered all kinds of hardships and privations at his hands, but has been too much afraid of him to appeal to law and justice. The man's actions have led people to think him insane, and the wife was persuaded a few days ago to make a complaint against him, but when the case was called before Justice Alward Wednesday she did not appear against him, and the suit was dismissed.

A correspondent writes to us to learn if a deaf boy can become a book-keeper. Certainly. Is there not a maxim of "deaf as an adder?"

The Legislatures are convening all over the country. In some states, as Louisiana and Arkansas, they are having a hard time of it. The heads of each institution for the deaf are expectant, and a few are in uncomfortable suspense. Texas, perhaps, is the most to be pitied, for her warrants on the treasury bring only thirty cents on the dollar. We expect a good deal from our Legislatures this winter. A new institution in New York, one in New Jersey, one in Pittsburgh, Pa., a day school in Chicago, etc.

The Silent World has turned over its new leaf. It is a curious leaf. See what it says of itself.

"It is larger than any other paper published for deaf-mutes." "It contains more reading matter." "It contains all the latest and most reliable news concerning deaf-mutes."

The new editor of the Silent World evidently hasn't been to Sunday-school for some time, or at least is rusty in the catechism. It will be well to remind him, however, that the Silent World is not the largest paper published for deaf-mutes, neither does it contain more reading matter, and as to giving the latest news, it certainly must be conceded the laurel for giving what news it has the latest of any other paper for the deaf. No doubt it wants to hoodwink subscribers into the belief that it is the original "old reliable," but the less said of its reliability the better.

Spotted fever is becoming prominent as a cause of deafness. Of fifty nine pupils recently admitted to the Indiana Institution, twenty-nine became deaf from this disease.

## FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY  
HENRY WINTER SYLE.

### Convention of Scandinavian Educators.

There was recently held at Copenhagen a meeting similar to the conventions of American instructors of the deaf and dumb, but including also the educators of the blind and feeble-minded. These three classes are, we notice, spoken of as "Abnormal Classes." The name is new to us, and does not impress us at all more favorably than that of "Defectives," which Mr. Deslier, of New Jersey, and Mr. Sanborn, of Massachusetts, use in their official documents, but against which we protest most emphatically.

The members of this Educational Congress came from the four countries around the Baltic sea—Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark; and represented nearly all the institutions for the three classes named, in those countries. They numbered about one hundred, of whom the greater part, about sixty, came, as was natural to expect, from Denmark, the others representing the more distant northern lands.

The subjects treated of were as follows:  
1. The Origin and Progress of Deaf-Mute Education in Sweden—By Director Borg, of Sweden.  
2. How shall Text-books in the Christian Religion, for the Deaf and Dumb, be prepared, and in what Branches of Religious Knowledge shall Instruction be imparted?—By Pastor Alopaus, of Finland.  
3. Does not the Character of the Training at present given to the Abnormal Classes, really impede their Moral and Physical Development?—By director Faellenborg, of Sweden.  
4. Exhibition of a Flame-Apparatus for producing visible representations corresponding to different sounds.  
5. How should a Holiday at a Deaf-Mute Institution be spent?—By Pastor Alopaus.  
6. Have we reached the Limit?—By Director Keller, of the Articulation School, Copenhagen.  
7. The distinction between true Deaf-Mutes and those not properly so called.—By Director Hansen of the Royal Institution, Copenhagen.

The two next and last papers related to the expense of educating and providing for the Blind, and to their instruction in music. Only the titles of the first, second and fifth papers are given in the Organ. We shall soon give an abstract of what we find on the other topics.

Our friends seem to have had as agreeable a time in the capital of Denmark, as we enjoyed at Belleville. They surpassed us in one respect, however, for the Congress had a poet amongst its members—

Director Keller who produced a number of songs, some serious, others highly humorous, which were sung at the opening and closing ceremonies.

### Industrial Homes for Deaf-Mute Females.

The establishment with the above name at Copenhagen, and the Skjoldshemmet or Asylum at Karlskrona, in Sweden, which we observe mentioned among the Scandinavian institutions, are, we presume, for the purpose of giving a home to women who, however able and willing to work, find it impossible to support themselves without help.

It is worth notice that such establishments are to be found in Protestant countries, like Sweden, Denmark and England—where there is one at Chappam, near London. They are therefore not solely due to the Romanist preference of a celibate, convent life for unprotected females, which before the time De l'Epee sent deaf and dumb girls into the nunneries, and afterwards led to the foundation of a Home in Paris to receive them immediately on leaving school.

Their existence throughout Europe, contrasted with the absence of any need for them here (for the Home at New York is only for the aged and the infirm, who cannot work), indicates that there is greater difficulty in women supporting themselves there. This is probably due to the lower social position women occupy abroad. In Germany it is not uncommon to see a woman and a dog harnessed together, drawing a heavily loaded cart to market, while the husband walks alongside, or when the load has been sold, rides home. In England there is a great excess of labor of all kinds, and the number of women is much greater than that of men.

Our lady readers may well be glad they live in this favored land. We agree!

### Institutions in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark.

We find in connection with the report of the Educational Congress at Copenhagen, a complete list of the institutions of various kinds in the four countries named above, from which we select those which are wholly or in part devoted to the deaf and dumb.

In Norway—at Bergen, Christiania, Christianssand, and Drontheim—four.

In Sweden—at Karlskrona, Goteborg, Hermsand, Hjordet, and Lund; besides two—at Stockholm and at Hoge near Goteborg—which are distinguished by the name Tyeta Skolan, "Silent School" though we are not told in what respects they differ from the others. There are also institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind, at Fredericksdal and at Manilla, near Stockholm; one for deaf-mutes and idiots, at Stromsholm; and an Asylum (Skjoldshemmet) for adult deaf and dumb females, at Karlskrona—in all eleven.

In Finland—at Abo, Borga, and Pedersore, near Kuopio—three.

In Denmark, there are four, all at Copenhagen, viz., the Royal Institution, and Mr. Keller's school, the latter of which does, and the former does not pay particular attention to articulation throughout the course; an establishment for deaf-mute and feeble-minded children of the higher ranks; and an Industrial Home for females.

### New Institution at Adelaide, South Australia.

The committee which last summer undertook the establishment of an institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind, at Adelaide, in South Australia, have proceeded very judiciously, and we are happy to learn that their efforts have been crowned with well-deserved success. They first set about collecting sufficient funds. The sum of \$15,000 was raised by private subscriptions, chiefly through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Townsend, and an equal amount was granted by the government. It would then have been easy for the committee to have the necessary buildings erected; but they felt it would be unwise to delay operations for eighteen months or two years, while waiting for the completion of the buildings, and accordingly endeavored to obtain a temporary home at once. The property long known as the "Grace Darling Hotel," at Brighton, was finally secured.

Mr. Samuel Watson, Superintendent of the institution at Sydney, was then requested to visit the colony, with a view of inaugurating the new institution, while steps were taken to engage a permanent superintendent. We understand that inquiries have been made in America as well as in England, but with what result we are as yet unable to state. Meantime the \$30,000 is lying at interest.

There is a curious resemblance in some respects between this effort and that at Rome, N. Y. The same general course has been taken in both; but while the Romie committee, beginning somewhat later, have not been as liberally favored with subscriptions, nor have they yet applied for government assistance, on the other hand they are happily free from any necessity of asking for help from the principal of the neighboring institution.

### Proposed Church at Manchester, England.

The Manchester Adults' Deaf and Dumb Society was started twenty years ago, being the third association of the kind in Great Britain; the only older ones are those at Glasgow and London. Its first missionary was Mr. W. Stainer; but it is now under the direction of the Rev. G. A. W. Downing, uncle of our own and the JOURNAL's friend, Mr. P. W. Downing, now of the Minnesota Institution. Branches have been established in six of the towns round about,

viz., Ashton, Oldham, Rochdale, Bury, Bolton and Stockport.

Special effort is now being made for a church to be erected in Manchester at a cost of \$25,000. The success thus far has been very gratifying. At the beginning of 1874, there were only \$1,640 on hand; but by October, this had increased to \$6,775, and \$750 more were promised.

For the JOURNAL.  
Personal.

MR. EDITOR:—If you please, insert this in your columns: Mr. John R. McKim is deaf and dumb. He is a brother-in-law of Mr. S. J. Vail, of this Institution. He has another sister who is deaf and dumb (unmarried). All are graduates of this institution. John is a very successful business man and holds a very lucrative position, being a partner with his father in Pittsburgh coal, coke, &c. His father, Mr. R. McKim, is one of the most prominent and influential men of Madison, Ind., owning a coal yard, a lumber yard, and one of the most extensive and remunerative furniture factories in the western states.

Madison is situated on the Ohio river in the southern part of the State. It has a population of between 25,000 and 30,000, and is about 80 miles almost directly south from Indianapolis. The railroad that runs between it and Indianapolis is the oldest railroad in the State. I will write very soon again after the exhibition is over, when I expect to have more matter to write about.

J. L. HOUDYSHELL.  
Indianapolis, Jan. 28th, 1875.

### Deaf-Mute Festival.

(From the Salem (Mass.) Register, Jan. 25.)

The Social Party of the "Silent Union," a deaf-mute organization in this city, at Howard Hall, on Wednesday night last, was quite a success. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, considering the interest manifested therein by the deaf-mutes and their friends, which last gave many a substantial evidence of their desire for a satisfactory issue. The rooms of the "Union," at 246½ Essex street, were open all day and formed a rendezvous for the numerous mutes from out-of-town, who came in at intervals. The stage and its appointments were well got up, the scenery being the property of the manager, Mr. P. W. Packard. The programme was varied and well carried out. It consisted of five good tableaux, interspersed with juggling feats, light and heavy balancing, and Chinese dancing, by H. E. Coffin of this city; and the farce (in pantomime), entitled, "Box and Cox," with P. W. Packard as Cox, Wm. M. Chamberlain as Box, and Miss A. L. Hartshorn as Mrs. Bouncer. The several parts were well sustained and the performance elicited roars of laughter from the audience.

At the conclusion of the stage part of the business, a bountiful collation was served, to which all did ample justice. The hall was then cleared and the time, till five o'clock, was devoted to social intercourse, games and amusements.

About seventy-five mutes were present, some from quite a distance, and about the same number of hearing friends, making the occasion a very pleasant one for all concerned.

The rooms of the "Union" are well supplied with books and the daily and weekly papers, mostly through the liberality of friends and publishers, and offering every facility for passing a pleasant evening to those who are unavoidably more or less isolated from their fellows, and these facilities are freely availed of by the twenty or more mutes in the city and vicinity and by transient visitors thereto.

### Wedding of Deaf-Mutes.

A Milford (Pa.) correspondent of the Port Jervis Union, furnished the following as a local item:

A very interesting ceremony took place in this village on Tuesday morning last at 8 A. M., it being the occasion of the marriage of two mutes, one of whom was the daughter of Mr. Jervis Gordon, of this place, the other being the son of Mr. Richard Merrill, of Lower Mount Bethel, Northampton county, Pa. The happy pair started immediately after the ceremony for the home of the groom's father in Mount Bethel. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. E. F. Bischof, of Port Jervis, the latter acting as interpreter. The bride received some very beautiful presents, for which she returns her thanks to the generous givers.

EN QUAD.  
Milford, Jan. 18.

### Suprise Party.

A suprise party was held at the house of Roswell Howk, in this city, on Saturday evening, in which a number of the friends and neighbors of Mr. Howk (about 40) met and had an oyster supper provided by the guests. Mr. Howk is a deaf-mute, and was born in the town of Watertown in the year 1800. He is consequently now 75 years of age. The spread was a capital one, and the company as well as the aged couple did ample justice to the good things provided. At the conclusion of the repast the old gentleman thanked the company in his voiceless way, but gratefully and feelingly for all that.—Watertown Dispatch, Jan. 25.

The Utica Herald adds the following to the record of thimner scamps: A swindler is about town selling common soap in small pieces, wrapped in tissue paper, perfumed, and claimed to be good for chapped hands. The fellow pretends to be deaf and dumb, and makes ugly attempts to talk. He can ask for whisky plainly and other things to perfection when not attempting to swindle.

### Minor Topics.

There are estimated to be in the United States at the present time about 750,000 white men who can neither read nor write.

The project for the establishment of a state railroad commission is again agitated in Albany, and with some prospect of success.

France publishes 1,316 newspapers, of which 526 belong to the provinces, and 754 to Paris. Thirty-seven are daily and political.

According to the latest statistics gathered by European linguists, there are 90,000,000 of people who speak the English language; 45,000,000 speak German; 55,000,000 Spanish, and 45,000,000 French.

It is estimated that in the hills of Columbia county, N. Y., there is a supply of at least 20,000,000 tons of iron, which could be mined and delivered in boats on the Hudson river at the cost of not over \$2 a ton.

A dispatch from Paris says: A bill has been drafted which authorizes a government concession for the construction of a submarine railway tunnel between France and England. Copies have been distributed among the members of the Assembly.

At a recent term of the Circuit Court in Bourbon county, Ky., a man was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for killing another man, while a second prisoner, convicted of stealing twenty bushels of wheat, was sentenced to three years and six months.

The city of Covington, Ky., recently paid about thirteen thousand dollars for removing bodies from an old graveyard lot, and grading it, but after the money was expended it was ascertained that the lot was deeded to the city for a graveyard, and could be used for no other purpose by the city. So the city had to leave two or three bodies buried in the lot to keep the heirs of the grant from pouncing on it.

The magnificent necklace and earrings of diamonds, a wedding present from the Khedive of Egypt to General Sherman's daughter, in token of appreciation of the General's advice concerning the reorganization and discipline of his army, have arrived at the New York custom house. They are valued at a quarter of a million dollars. Congress lately authorized their acceptance by the lady and her husband, Lieutenant Fitch, of the navy.

A poor farmer in Scotland, in 1750, finding it almost impossible to subsist, took great pains to have his children drive his cow where she could eat the richest and thickest grass, to house her in the winter, and feed her with carefully-stored hay; in fine, took unheard-of care of his cow. The grateful animal rewarded her owner with a fine calf and an unusual abundance of milk, and thus the celebrated breed of Ayrshire cows was produced, though it was not till about the first of the present century that it was brought to perfection.

A hermit about 32 years old has been found in a dense forest on a mountain near Wilkesbarre, Pa., who will not give his name, but says that being a South Carolinian, he went through the war as a Confederate soldier, and that his father and two brothers were killed in the same service. He has traveled through the country for several months, but being unable to get employment, has retired to the forest to live on crackers and dried beef, at a cost of fifteen cents a day, rather than beg. He expects to leave the forest in the spring, if he is alive.

Very few persons have any idea of the magnitude of the canals of this State. The structures on all the canals are five hundred and sixty-five locks, two thousand and two hundred and sixty lock-gates, two hundred and eighty lock-houses, ninety-six aqueducts, fifteen hundred bridges, four hundred and forty culverts, one hundred and fifty waste-weirs, sixty-five dams and twenty-five work shops; while if both banks of the canals were stretched out in a continuous line, they would be two hundred miles longer than the Pacific railroad from Omaha to San Francisco.

The great London preacher, Spurgeon, replies as follows to an invitation to come to the United States to lecture: It is not possible for me to leave my work except for a short interval to rest. I have no one to occupy my pulpit, preside over my church, look after the college, govern the orphanage, superintend the colporteurs, edit the magazine, etc. I must keep my

hand on the oar till I die. I see no hope of my visiting America, as much as I would like to greet my brethren there. Compensation is not an item of consideration. Nothing, indeed, would compensate my conscience, if I left my work and any harm came of it. I know within a little what I can do, and I feel that I cannot conscientiously attempt a work in America to which I am not called, to the injury of that which now engrosses all my time and every faculty I possess.

### Letters from Western Sufferers.

The following letters, acknowledging the receipt of money sent by the ladies of the Presbyterian society, have been received by Mrs. J. M. Hood, and will be read with interest. We understand that an effort will be made to send another box of clothing, and we have no doubt that our citizens will respond promptly to the call. Contributions for the box may be left either at the residence of Mrs. Hood or at the Presbyterian parsonage.

GIBBON, Neb., Jan. 18, 1875.

Mrs. HOOD:—Madam—Your very kind letter came on Saturday, with the check, for which please accept our thanks to yourself and to all concerned with you in the kind thought and deed. I have four preaching points steadily, and good houses at each point when the weather is passable—but of the \$175, pledged by them all for my support for the year I probably shall not receive \$50, and this all because the people are so utterly poor. And I say this with no thought to complain, no reference to myself—but rather as part of what I wish to say in behalf of the people.

I walked to Wood River on Saturday, 16 miles, and have just returned from my yesterday's service there. On my way I met a poor man literally hanging with rags from shoulders, elbows and knees; and carrying to the store an old pair of shoes, though not so old as those on his feet, to pawn for groceries or meal. I passed his home soon, a mere sod hut and hovel.

This man has no children to suffer with him, but for himself is a most pitiable object. Within a half mile I passed another sod hut with several young children, father sick and soon to die, mother a hard working washerwoman in summer, but having all she can do now to keep the blood stirring in the little bodies around her, while the whole home picture is one of utter destitution and want.

Now, these cases represent at least 20 families of their class within range of my acquaintance. We have just sent out from our home two bundles of clothing to two families of children near who were suffering in much the same way. In my church at Wood River, are just as good men and women as can be found in New York churches, who cannot by any possibility appear in dress, which is either comfortable or respectable for themselves, wives or children. And the same is true of my church and field here at G—, Nobettermen in the world than some here, industrious and frugal, faithful and true, who are living with their families amid the very extremities of supply as to food, clothing and fuel. I walked ten miles through the bluffs to the north, beyond the limits of my congregation, a few days ago, to attend the funeral of a little one there, and through the service I stood in the centre of a dug out kitchen with ten or twelve heads of families, homesteaders, standing around me, and with the wives seated around and among them, not one man or woman of whom could think of their own homes or of the little ones left within them as at all comfortable as respects either clothing or fuel or food. Our people, you must know, were all poor, coming here to work up homes and fortunes with the bare hands. With success on the farm the last season, all would have been well, but grasshoppers swept nearly all. Wood! there is none nearer than twenty-five miles on the north; coal, very high and to be had for cash only; clothing worn out and no means to buy new; no work to be done now for pay, then, for 20 days past so intensely cold, mercury running down 15 to 25 below zero. The few best housed and best provided among us have found it just all we could do to keep the blood from stopping in the veins. Now, I am writing with my thought on your kind inquiry as to the condition of things with us, to ask, could you or some one near you, with some trouble and labor make up from your own or neighboring centres a box of second hand clothing for men, women and children, and send me by express soon! I would like to see to its personal distribution and use. The destitution is very general and severe, and what the people are to do before another harvest can grow, I cannot see. Relief funds and clubs are doing much, but the great mass remains untouched as yet, while largely, I fear, the disbursements which are made are failing to reach the want in detail, individual cases.

Since writing the above, one of my elders from the north side came in to speak of some cases around him demanding immediate attention, destitution and want, extreme and severe. I send you this, please give the appeal and the facts their own weight, with men and women, around you.

Please receive our best acknowledgments and thanks for the kindness already shown.

Respectfully yours,  
C. S. MARVIN.

BELLEVILLE, Kansas, Jan. 19, 1875.

Mrs. LAURA L. HOOD:—Your letter was gladly and thankfully received last night. Its contents gave me new courage and zeal and means to stand at my post and continue the good work here a while longer.

I have been obliged to sell my horse to pay board, and had resolved to sell my books and go back home to New York

city; it being impossible for me to live here and do the work on what the Board of Home Missions in its present condition, had promised this year, only \$500, for twelve months, with rooms to rent, fuel to buy, horse to keep, board to pay, &c.

But your kindness shows that sympathy and charity are not dead. The Lord has still his lights to shine in the world; and those who love and support his cause. The money sent me by your goodness will help buy back my horse or hire another and the poor will have the gospel preached to them a while longer, if the Lord gives me health, food and clothing.

My field of labor takes in nearly the whole of Republic county, 30 miles square. Last Sabbath week I walked 15 miles to preach the gospel, but felt quite weak during the service. When I had a horse I frequently rode 35 miles and preached three times in one day.

The cold winds and snow storms of these prairies are terrible this winter; however, I have not had my ears and fingers and feet frozen this winter, as I did last winter.

Republic county is thickly settled; a family on nearly every 160 acres; people sometimes come 12 miles to hear preaching. One finds nearly all kinds of people, and preachers of all kinds of doctrine. The county has been settled five years. Our church was organized May 18th, 1873; with ten members. Since I have been here we have had, by the will of God, reason to rejoice in seeing additions to our little flock every communion season.

We now have a little church nearly finished. Some of the members have mortgaged their cows, horses and little farms to pay for lumber. Other ministers have been obliged to abandon preaching and do something else for a living since the country was made desolate by grasshoppers. My people beg me not to leave them without the preaching of the gospel, as have others here done.

Many families here have not been out of doors for weeks. Some lie in bed, all for want of clothes. I have seen others walking on frozen ground and snow with old rags tied on their feet. Hundreds of children can not go to school for want of clothes.

I have divided my clothes with some of them and will feel obliged to give them part of the money you sent me. I thank you more than I am able to tell.

Fraternally,  
CALEB E. JONES.

### COLOSSE.

Last Saturday evening, notwithstanding the terribly bad roads, a goodly company of us, including the Colosse Cornet Band, succeeded in reaching Hastings. It was the Colosse Lodge of Good Templars and friends, on a visit to the Hastings Lodge. The Hastings Templars have a very neat, commodious hall. Arthur Rider is W. C. T. We were in open lodge. Speeches, essays, select readings, recitations, and autobiography dialogues were the order, spiced with pleasant anecdotes by H. D. Richardson and cheery music by the Colosse Cornet Band. This is a temperance band, and is worthy a place in the "rank and file" of bands. Well, during the pleasant hours spent with the Hastings Lodge, Miss Rosa Strickland was called out, and we listened to the reading of an essay, worthy a place in the popular magazines of the day. The sentiment was beautiful, cheery and impressive. The beautiful, clear moon-light enabled us to better wind our way through the deep snow drifts, safely to our homes. It was an enjoyable occasion, and the clock struck one in the interests of temperance some where along on the "old salt road."

The friends of Colosse and Union Square are generously and cheerily responding to the appeals from Nebraska grasshopper sufferers; and already no very small box will contain the goods brought in.

Mr. Truman Rood, of this place, by way of eminence, the first white male child born in Oswego Co., now 75 years of age, is very poorly, and fears are entertained that he will not remain with us long. He has made his will.

Mrs. Bristol was taken violently ill on the morning of the 27th inst., of congestion of the lungs. We have very little hope of her recovery. The Dr. (Green of Parish) presumes it barely possible she may recover.

Esq. Richardson, familiarly called "Uncle Alvin," is also very poorly, being confined mostly to his room. Everybody knows Uncle Alvin. He is the old "wheel horse" in pension and bounty getting, and scaly-debt collector.

The snow storms of the past week have been very severe and rather fearful. The singing schools are lost, and the day schools are rather small. Coming pleasant days will restore all, and we shall forget the great snow storm of Jan. 24th and 25th, 1875.

Mr. L. D. Snell, our landlord, has bargained away his hotel to Mr. Peter Gray, and if the parties live up to the contract, the exchange is to take place in March.

The poultry dealers, Messrs. Lee and Tilton, and one of our merchants, Mr. R. A. Burke, have laid in a large stock of ice for the coming warm season.

Mr. J. A. Becker, our other merchant, has just finished taking count of stock. He comes out all right.

E. D. PHILLIPS.  
Colosse, N. Y., Jan. 28th, 1875.

Lent will begin this year on the 10th of February, much earlier than it has done since 1869. This will bring the high festival of Easter this year on the 29th of March, which is within six days of the earliest period upon which it can possibly occur. On some years Easter falls as late as the 25th of April

New York Institution Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Last November, when a few cases of small-pox broke out among the pupils, it was decided to separate them from the sick in the common hospital belonging to the Institution. So the Mansion House, which is a large building on the grounds of the institution property, but some distance from the institution, was converted into a hospital for those suffering from the small-pox. Then the little boys who live there and go to school there, were all brought down to the institution together with their teachers and officers. The whole upper floor of the institution, which had been left vacant by the resignation of several of the teachers last year, was arranged as bed-rooms and school-rooms for the little boys, thus keeping them separate from the other pupils. Then the arrangements for the hospital at the Mansion house made it necessary to have some one there who could hear and speak, and at the same time understand how to talk to the deaf-mutes. So an experienced nurse was sent there from the institution, and Mrs. Rice, the matron of the Mansion house, remained to act as matron and housekeeper for the sick.

And Miss Lavery, one of the housekeepers at the institution, volunteered at once to go and help take care of the sick at the Mansion house. Her long connection with the institution as housekeeper, has made her well acquainted with the pupils, and her many noble qualities of heart and mind have endeared her to all, so that no one could be better fitted to fill the post which she so nobly volunteered to discharge. She has had some experience in the sick room also, for she volunteered to take care of the pupils when they had the fever a few years ago, and many will remember her with gratitude and love. Now she has passed through more than most of us can ever imagine, and through it all she kept up her gentle, cheerful manner, and all that have been under her long care testify to her many acts of kindness which did so much to lighten their sufferings and make smooth the pathway to the grave, soothing them by her gentle ministrations, when none but God was near and none but God could tell the extent of their sufferings, for their lips were sealed and their ears were closed to all earthly sounds. But they have passed away from earth, and now, we trust, are with Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of Heaven." And they, who never heard the voice of earthly friends, now hear and join in the songs of angels. And it must be a sweet consolation to Miss Lavery to know that she did all she could for them in their last hours.—After spending nine weeks at the Mansion house hospital, it was decided that it was no longer necessary for her to remain there, as all the sick, except those who died, had recovered, two only being sick enough to remain till they are entirely well. On Friday, January 15th, Miss Lavery and her room-mate, Miss Butler, who had been sick, were both invited to return, and as soon as the teachers and officers heard of it, they resolved to give them a warm reception; so at seven o'clock in the evening of the 15th, they all assembled in the main hall at the given signal, namely, the beating of drums. Then Mrs. H. P. Peet, the matron, took the lead with lighted candle in hand, while the rest, each with a lighted taper, marched in order, one by one, to Miss Lavery's room, where she and her room-mate, Miss Butler, had gone, and were quietly enjoying the happiness of once more being at home. At last, when all had entered the room, which, though a large one, was crowded, the speaking teachers and officers, led by Dr. Porter and Mrs. Peet sang Home Again, and Home, Sweet Home, and the Star Spangled Banner. Miss Lavery and Miss Butler were both deeply affected, even to tears, but they were tears of joy. After the refreshments had been passed around, the deaf-mutes and speaking teachers each entertained the company with speeches, stories, &c. The dumb orator was played to perfection, Mr. Little speaking a funny piece with his hands clasped behind him while Mr. Westervelt stood behind him and translated the speech in signs as if it were Mr. Little's hands and arms moving, and the effect was most amusing. After passing a very pleasant hour or so they all separated for the night, leaving Miss Lavery to the pleasant reflection that her labor of love was not in vain, and that she had many warm friends who appreciated her noble qualities, and were glad to be able to welcome her once more among them.

On Saturday, Jan. 24th, the teachers and officers of the institution, together with Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, and Miss Walter, gave the accomplished wife of the Principal, Dr. I. L. Peet, a surprise party. The arrangements were kept a profound secret from the fair recipient until the auspicious moment, and it was indeed a success in every way. After the necessary preliminaries were satisfactorily completed the merry party proceeded to the beautiful home of the fortunate lady, and found her sitting, quite unconscious of their intentions, holding her child in her arms. I think none who participated in the view of that beautiful home picture will ever forget it. The guests entered the room one by one, and one lady stepping behind her, laid her hand on her shoulder and kissed her, when, turning to see who it could be, Mrs. Peet beheld to her surprise and astonishment a party of ladies surrounding her. Then placing her child in the hands of another lady, she rose to welcome and receive her friends. In a few moments all were busily engaged in conversation, and during the rest of the evening were entertained by sweet music, games and refreshments, the latter being furnished by the ladies and gentlemen of the surprise party. All went

merry as the marriage bell, until the witching hour of twelve, when the party broke up, and the guests departed after bidding their hosts an affectionate good night, all feeling better and happier for their evening's enjoyment. C.

Indiana Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Last week is gone, but many things, which it has painted on the pages of time, are worthy of enduring memory. Somebody was born. Somebody died. Somebody spent its fleeting moments well and wisely, and somebody chanted the ribald song of the giddy, thoughtless fool. Somebody gave the distressed and needy a loaf of bread and a cup of cold coffee in the name of the great Master, and somebody, although rich, gave the half-starved and half-clothed wretch a cold potato and then a snowballing. And somebody (a poor insane person) applied to the State authorities for an appropriation to keep him. And somebody maliciously wagged his villainous and viper tongue to the prejudice and serious injury of his innocent neighbor or associate. So went by last month, last year and the last fifty years.

He who loves Wisdom's ways, must give his attention (some) to the experience and teaching of the past.

We have many knowing individuals who knew we were going to have a cold snap which would continue long, but they said nothing to us about it, and we took time by the fore part and had one of our ice-houses filled almost up to the roof with three-inch ice, which, though it is as expensive to get in as any eight-inch ice, will not do for such weather as we have here in summer.

There is, therefore, very little profit or consolation in having wise men among us, unless they give the public the benefit of their superior knowledge "gratis." The poor man prefers exchanging consultation and advice even with the man of superior intellect.

The State of Indiana is morally cleaner than it was about a month ago. George W. Parker, a notorious desperado, was hurled into eternity by a locomotive. He was a deaf-mute and received education at the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is said that he was a murderer, a thief, a burglar, &c., and he had been put in jail several times, for various other crimes.

The Indiana Legislature has been sitting since the 7th inst, and has done more in such a short space than any in previous sitting. One new trustee has been elected.

Rabbits abound in the orchard and the surrounding fields here, and one of the boys, whose initials are J. E. M., set four traps by which he caught a number of them.

The snow is gone now and the fever-tide has abated in the boys, for they have caught or attempted to catch no more since the snow disappeared.

AARON.

Indianapolis, Jan. 25, 1875.

Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On the 11th inst., Mr. A. S. Clark accompanied our principal, Mr. E. C. Stone, to New York in order to learn the German mode of teaching the dumb to speak. The day following Mr. Stone proceeded on to Washington, D. C., he being one of the Committee appointed by the teachers' Association. Mr. Clark having scanned the German system of teaching mutes, paid a visit to the New York Institution. As he entered the spacious hall, he was at a loss to measure its height and breadth, comparing himself he was but a nut in a bushel. But he was well entertained.

Now we are having preliminary examinations and hope we shall be through next week. Then we shall push on with renewed vigor to the close of the term.

Young people all over town are enjoying coasting. They have pigstickers and double rippers; the deaf-mutes are not far behind the speaking children, for as far as pecuniary resources allow they provide themselves with sleds, double rippers, and even the poorer class will join in the sport with planks and boards.

On the 20th inst., the deaf-mute graduates about town met on the Asylum grounds to enjoy coasting. Then there was quite a sliding carnival. The party were not all youths, for many of them were married. Among the pleasure seekers was grandmother Gallaudet. This old lady availed herself of the sport on a double ripper and the party went swiftly down the inclining plain without being thrown over. It must be remembered that grandmother Gallaudet is in her seventy-seventh year, and it was the second time that she had ever enjoyed coasting since her wedded life. She said then that she felt as though she were only forty years of age.

Several hours were spent in coasting, that fine moonlight evening. Some of the party were thrown off a ripper by the too sudden turning of the leading sled, and they lay on either side of the way. Rising they went on enjoying the fun. One double ripper broke down with a party of six, but no harm to themselves was done.

The party, on entering the house of Mr. P. Slocum, found the table spread with a nice collation. They assembled around the family board and drank the health of grandmother Gallaudet. Several jovial speeches having been made, the party left for their homes, and will no doubt ever remember the occasion with pleasure.

Mr. W. L. Bird, who had been confined to his bed several weeks, is about again, and he was with the coasting party.

The general health of the pupils here is good; only colds are prevalent.

Mr. F. A. Spafford is at Bluehill, Maine. Perhaps he is staying there in order to become weather beaten. He is a descendant of Count Spafford, who came to this country, having been ban-

ished from France during the reign of Charles the Tenth.

OLD HICKORY.

Hartford, Jan. 21, 1875.

Disastrous Fire.

THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION AT BERKELEY ENTIRELY DESTROYED—THE INMATES ALL SAVED.

(From the California, Jan. 18.)

OAKLAND, January 17th.—The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute was totally destroyed by fire this evening. The children were all saved unharmed. The fire broke out in the roof from sparks from the kitchen chimney, and the flames spread with such rapidity that there was no opportunity to save much of the furniture. The discovery of the burning roof was made about ten minutes past four o'clock, and the Superintendent, Mr. Wilkinson, and his assistants, at once set to work to remove the children, of whom there were between ninety and one hundred. These were taken temporarily into the workshops, and subsequently removed to comfortable quarters in the houses of neighboring families, to the University boarding-house and to McClure's Military Academy. The children were without head covering and used bed spreads instead of hats. The flames were visible in Oakland, and the report that the Institute was on fire created a great deal of excitement. Hundreds of people went out on the cars and in private conveyances of all kinds for the purpose of rendering assistance. The Superintendent received offers of shelter and assistance for the children from all sides, as great anxiety was felt on behalf of the unfortunates. About half an hour after the fire broke out the roof fell in and soon after the entire wood-work of the building was one solid mass of flames. The stone walls remained standing until about half-past six o'clock, when one after another they toppled over and fell. Some of the shops were burned.

A number of the students of the University were present and rendered valuable assistance in saving furniture and preventing the work-shops nearest to the main building from catching fire. W. E. Turner took a number of the children to his home, and Mrs. Haste provided for others at her residence. The various groups of children, who were thus disposed of for the night were sent away in charge of different teachers. The matron, Mrs. Willard, saved only the clothing she wore, and with a gentleman's hat on, to protect her head, she marshaled a group of twenty deaf and dumb girls to the Military Academy under the direction of Director Hamilton.

There is no insurance on the building. The furnishing of the Institute cost about \$20,000, and of all this valuable property only two pianos and a small amount of furniture from the lower floor were saved from the fire.

THE OAKLAND FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Institute is about four miles from the Broadway Station, or a mile and a half from Temescal, one of the Oakland suburbs, but the distance was deemed too great for the fire engines to reach in time to be of use, and no effort was made by the Fire Department to go to the burning building with their apparatus. No complaint to the energy of the Oakland firemen, nor any guarantee to the people who occupy suburban residences that their buildings will not be deemed too remote or the roads too bad in case fire should visit them. A magnificent building, costing the State hundreds of thousands of dollars, allowed to burn within sight of an organized Fire Department, and no effort made to save it! Only the few children, the few teachers, and the students from the University to battle with the flames.

THE BUILDING.

The structure in which was located the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute, was an elegant building of dark blue stone, finished off with light brown sandstone in the sills and copings. Located on a plateau of the rising foot-hills in the rear, the view it commanded of the city of Oakland, the bay, and the country to the north and south, was a magnificent one. The structure had something of the exterior aspect of a mediæval castle, and being visited by many, was declared by all to be one of the finest public buildings in the general effect of its architecture on the eye of any in the State. The different wings of the building formed a quadrangle, in the centre of which was a court-yard. The inside finishing of the structure was of plain but elegant woods. The various dormitories were large, light and airy, and so arranged as to secure the complete separation of the sexes. The dining-room was on the ground floor in the centre of the building. On each side of it, separated by hall-ways, were the class-rooms, music-rooms, laboratories, etc. On the second story, at the front of the building, were the chambers and offices of the Principal, Mr. Warring Wilkinson, and the chief officers and teachers of the institution. But the main feature of this story was a large and well-lighted chapel, on the lower side of which was a magnificent organ, purchased and built at an expense of \$1,800 from the fund generously contributed by Mr. Hellman, the winner of the chief prize in the Mercantile Library Lottery, and others. In the wings of the second story were the rooms of the teachers and dormitories of the pupils. In the main building was a large two-story frame building, in which were the various shops where the pupils obtained instruction in the mechanical sciences.

MYSTERY OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

The building being wholly of stone, with slate roofing, its burning is yet to be explained. There were no fires in the building, the whole being heated by hot air, conveyed through tubing to registers. With thoughtful care for the health of the afflicted pupils of the institution, not only were the rooms provided with

registers, but also the hallways, so that the children, in passing from their dormitories, and class and eating rooms, were in no danger of suffering from sudden changes of temperature. The greatest care was exercised throughout the institution to guard against possible conflagration, there being strict supervision by the monitors and teachers. Several Babcock Fire Extinguishers were conveniently located in different portions of the building. In a visit to the institution, during the time that the investigations were being held, the great security against fire was noted and commented upon. The kitchens and furnaces were separated by some little distance from the main structure.

ORGANIZATION OF THE INSTITUTION.

At the time of the last annual report the Board of Directors consisted of J. Mora Moss, President; John C. Hays, Vice-President; T. L. Barker, Auditor, and Messrs. E. J. Crane and H. Lindern, the latter now deceased. Secretary and Treasurer, H. A. Palmer. The Visiting Committee was Mrs. J. Mora Moss, Mrs. Edward Tompkins, Mrs. Henry H. Haight, Mrs. M. T. Bonham and Mrs. J. Bebee. The officers of the institution were Warring Wilkinson, M. A., Principal; four teachers of the deaf and dumb, two teachers of the blind, a teacher of music, with three Chiefs in the Domestic Department and four in the Mechanical. There was a total of 112 pupils, 67 being deaf and dumb and 45 blind.

MARRIED:

Jan. 19th, 1875, at the residence of the bride's parents, Milford, Pa., by Rev. E. Y. Biscoe, Mr. Oscar Merrill, of Lower Mount Bethel, Pa., to Miss E. Gordon, of Milford, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill are both graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

News of the Week.

In the Senate, Thursday, the committee on privileges and elections decided to recognize the Kellogg government.

The Secretary of the Navy has signed the contract with Vinnie Ream for a statue of Farragut.

Advices from China say that a grandson of Prince Tun, uncle of the deceased Emperor, will probably succeed to the throne.

The death of the Emperor of China is confirmed; the empress, overcome with grief, committed suicide; a three-year old son of the seventh prince is the new emperor, and the empress' mother regent.

The steamer Lady of the Lake, running between Norfolk, Va., and Washington, was burned to the water's edge at her wharf, at Norfolk. The steamer was valued at \$80,000.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Severn D. Moulton, the mother of Francis D. Moulton, were performed, Thursday afternoon, at her late residence, No. 550 Lexington avenue.

The Richmond county surrogate's office was robbed of \$10,000 Friday night; two safes were blown to pieces. Adams' Express Company, New York, has been robbed of \$35,000 of South Carolina, Virginia and Missouri bonds; the manner of the robbery has not been made known.

At Westchester, Pa., last week, Charles Williams was tried for libel against a clergyman; he testified that he had written a story he knew to be false for a New York paper just to create a sensation; he was found guilty.

The royal troops in the north of Spain are carrying on a concerted series of operations against the Carlists, which have thus far met with general success. Alfonso XII. has been recognized by the Court of St. Petersburg.

The Minnesota Legislature by resolution has informed William S. King that he must appear before the Pacific Mail committee and vindicate himself or resign.

The public debt statement shows an increase of \$1,397,870.21 for January, and an increase of \$907,931.13 since June 30, 1874.

Twenty patients are missing from the Beaufort Asylum, Quebec, recently burned; two bodies have been found in the ruins.

NEW HAVEN.

A joint teachers' association of the towns of Scriba and New Haven was held at Scriba Centre, January 30.

Owing to the bad roads and inclemency of the weather, many of the teachers were absent, as was also Com. Marsh. However, the association was quite a success, being spiced with brilliant and witty remarks, select reading, singing, &c. The election of secretary and executive committee of each town for the ensuing year, being the last in order, they separated with smiling faces and happy hearts, hoping that the next association might be as interesting and edifying as the present one had been.

The graded school in this place is flourishing finely under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Coats, in the senior, and Miss Carrie Dickinson in the primary department.

The total number of scholars is 90, who all seem well pleased with their teachers, and are making rapid progress in their studies.

New Haven, Feb. 1, 1875.

—Rev. James A. Skinner, formerly of this town, and a brother of Hon. T. W. Skinner, who is greatly interested in the cause of Foreign Missions, is preparing a series of Sunday-school missionary lesson leaves, called Leaves of Healing. The plan is to take the lesson of each month which is best adapted to the purpose and "develop its instruction with special reference to the conquest of the world for Christ." Some of these have already been distributed. Price four dollars per hundred copies for one year. Address Rev. James A. Skinner, 468 Case avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

PARISH.

The famous Plantation Minstrels of this town held two exhibitions the past week, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at Slawson's Hall. Both exhibitions were excellent, and there was exhibited a great variety of talent. The African was exhibited to a dot. We had songs, plays and music. The stump speeches of both evenings brought down the house. These speeches alluded to most everything that was going on here and elsewhere. Louisiana matters were portrayed. Compulsory education took a dash. Grangers were ridiculed, because, after paying a good sum to be a granger, they were going to purchase tobacco for 74 cents a pound instead of 75, as heretofore. We were told that the brave boy who stood on the "burning deck" was no less than Jerome M., of this place, going through here, lightning speed, on a snow plow. Julius M., Friday Hawk, and Oliver N., were called great poets—a worthy tribute from a punster. Glowing tributes were also paid to several other worthies. The stump speedster, who was about four feet five inches high, as (s)pired to be elevated as our worthy deputy sheriff. Bill DeWolf, and the Postmaster took a few doses of exaltation from this worthy and sun (cork) burnt troupe. Your humble correspondent of this town, even, had to take a few rubs from these immortals. He was characterised as recommending to a doctor one of the meanest truants that ever trod shoe leather, as just such a person a gentleman would like. Space fails us to name all of the singular acts, trite sayings and life representations of these grand performers of modern times. They must be seen and heard to be fully appreciated. They are not going to hide their talents under a bushel, but are going to other places to let their light shine, and may it shine refulgently.

There was a masquerade party at Captain Boyd's last Wednesday evening. Mrs. Helen Nutting, teacher in the primary department of our school, is sick. Her place has been supplied by Miss Marietta Norton of the branch school. W. G. Baxter, Esq., is teaching in Miss Norton's place.

Parish, Feb. 1, 1875.

Railroads.

The Utica Observer says: The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad shows an increase of net earnings for the year of a little over \$38,000. This road has made combinations which will make it the fourth in importance in the State and add very largely to its revenue. The old line of road ran from Rome to Ogdensburg, with one branch to Oswego, another to Cape Vincent at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where connection is made by ferry to Kingston, Canada, and another to Potsdam, on the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain railroad; although running through a rather cold country, the low cost of the road has enabled the Company to pay dividends as high as ten per cent. for many years. The failure of the Ontario Shore Railroad Company in its attempts to build a line along the shore of Lake Ontario, from Oswego to Lewiston and Niagara Falls, enabled the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Company to purchase for about a million of dollars a line on which about three millions and a half had been expended. This line, when completed in October next, will only stand the company in about \$20,000 per mile, including equipments and real estate.

Do YOU STAMP YOUR CHECKS!—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Hon. John Douglass, has recently instructed all Supervisors under his authority in the States and Territories to cause an examination to be made of the various banks and private banking houses, with a view to ascertaining to what extent, if any, the duty upon checks, orders for money, and sight drafts on banks, bankers and trust companies—the only objects or articles now liable to such duty in schedule B—is evaded. Persons drawing, receiving or paying checks, should bear in mind that each and all are liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for omitting to stamp such papers, and the same if they neglect to cancel the stamps by writing the initials of the name of the person making the check, and the date of the cancellation. This cannot be done by using a ribbon stamp, but may be done by puncturing the stamp or driving a portion of it into the paper with a cutting stamp. Postal stamps are not available for the payment of this duty.

Distribution of Public School Fund.

Schools hereabout receive the following amounts of the public school funds as distributed by the regents of the university: Falley Seminary—For instruction of common school teachers, \$280.38; for free instruction, \$72; residue of previous appropriations, \$159.97. Mexico Academy—Instruction of teachers, \$260.77; free instruction, \$132; residue of previous appropriations, \$432.89. Pulaski Academy—Instruction of teachers, \$375; free instruction, \$520; residue of previous appropriations, \$1,101.03. Oswego High School—Free instruction, \$376.80; residue of previous appropriations, \$310.55. Sandy Creek Union School—Free instruction, \$46; residue of previous appropriations, \$169.38.

—The Philadelphia Ledger says that a Syracuse man, who has thirteen daughters, says he has paid for enough wire in the form of hair pins to equip a respectable telegraph line.

—It is singular that the man who borrows a paper is always the man to find fault with its contents.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

DEAF & DUMB

FOR THE

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE. DEPARTMENT WILL EVERY MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

CORRESPONDENCE. We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.,

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.



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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

**A Kindly Dead.**  
A kindly dead  
In a little seed,  
That grows all unseen;  
And lo! when none  
Do look thereon,  
Anew it springs green.  
  
A friendly look  
It is a better book  
For precept than you'll find  
Among the sages wise,  
Or the libraries,  
With their priceless wealth of mind.  
  
The little dole  
Of a human soul,  
In all sincerity given,  
Is like the wings  
Of the lark, as it springs,  
Singing clear to the gate of heaven.  
—Sunday Magazine.

**The Wonders of the Grave.**  
The tomb of Edward the First, who died in 1307, was opened January 2, 1770, after 463 years had elapsed. His body was almost perfect. Canute (the Dane), who crossed over to England in 1017, was found in 1776 by the workmen who repaired Winchester Cathedral, where his body had reposed nearly 750 years, perfectly fresh. In 1569 three Roman soldiers, fully equipped with warlike implements, were dug out of a bed of peat in Ireland, where they had lain probably 1,500 years. Their bodies were perfectly fresh and plump.  
In the reign of James II. of England, after the fall of the church at Astley, in Warwickshire, there was taken up the corpse of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who was buried there the 10th of October, 1530, in the twenty-second year of Henry VIII.; and although it had lain there seventy-eight years, the eyes, hair, flesh, nails, and joints remained as though it had been but newly buried.  
Robert Braybrooke, who was consecrated Bishop of London in 1381, and who died in 1404, and was buried in the great fire in 1666, during the repairs of the cathedral, and although he had lain there no less than 262 years, his body was found firm as to the skin, hair, joints, and nails.  
Pietro Rodriguez, a Portuguese jeweler, while pursuing his occupation in the city of Mexico, was, in 1595, accused before the tribunal of the inquisition, and after suffering a variety of tortures, was condemned to be buried alive in a vault in the Convent de St. Domingo, in that city. He was then 38 years old. The Convent de St. Domingo was lately demolished in search of treasure supposed to be concealed there, and the body of Rodriguez taken out of the vault exactly as when placed there 270 years before. His daughter, two and a half years of age, was lying under her father's feet, and as well preserved as himself. The evidences of torture on the body of the jeweler are fearfully apparent. In one respect, however, the appearance does not coincide with the record which we have given. The miserable man must have died in the hands of his tormentors. The position of his hands shows that he was suspended by the body and neck until he died. Marks of the cord and of the burning iron were deeply recorded on various parts of the body. His hair and beard were firm, his skin natural in hue and texture, without the least traces of decomposition in any part.—N. Y. Sun.

At Indianapolis recently the family of a dying man quarrelled so fiercely about a will he was about to sign that the police had to interfere to restore order.

It is said that the Norwegian landscape painter, Conrad Hock, has after years of patient study founded a new art, "pinakoplastik," which is a practical combination of painting and sculpture. The figures are formed to a great extent from cork, which makes the pictures more durable than paintings.

When they tried to force Miss Gay, of Independence, Missouri, into a marriage against her will, she kicked the minister's hat off, knocked the young man down, and rode off on a mule, with one foot on each side of him.

The Emperor of China died on the 17th ult. It is not yet certain who will succeed to the throne.

"What are you after, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was sliding along a room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it; he wants him to think he's out."

Witness this from the London Times: It is desired to place two young ladies, aged 12 and 14, very strong and healthy, under a lady who approves of and will thoroughly and duly administer the birch rod. Terms most liberal. Address F. G., Post-office, Hamden, Middlesex.

Down in Texas the lowest available piece of money is the five cent nickel coin, and the price of small things is therefore correspondingly high. The Galveston News, alluding to the subject, raises a cry for a circulation of one, two and three cent pieces in its neighborhood.

In a gentleman's house in Hartford, Conn., there is now lying very sick an old servant woman, 60 years of age, who has worked all her life for \$1 a week and her board, and her savings, put into the bank, amount to between \$6,000 and \$7,000.

**Facts and Fancies.**  
—Voices of the night—Cats.  
—A child's kingdom—Lapland.  
—Short crops—Convict's hair.  
—Relative beauty—A pretty cousin.  
—The "panel game"—Getting a jury.  
—What the barber said when his wife fell down stairs—Razor.  
—Stepping down and out—He who is hanged.  
—Old Grumpy's Definition.—Perpetual motion—A lady's tongue.  
—When I tell him he hates flattery, he says he does, being then most flattered.  
—The brave man wishes to die at his post and be remembered for faithful work.  
—Josh Billings says: "Tew enjoy a good reputashun, giv publicly and steal privately."  
—An Eastern debating society is trying to settle which is the hardest to keep, a diary or an umbrella.  
—Misers now and then manage to get up a feast of reason, but their flow of soul is not a success.  
—"Is that cheese rich?" asked Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the candid reply, "there's millions in it."  
—The California State Prison has 1,800 inmates. Of these 100 are under 21, and 241 under 26 years of age.  
—An English wag asserts that machinery is the most modern of all things, since it almost always travels in cog.  
—When a bit of ostrich feather is found by a wife in her husband's beard no one can blame her for being down on him.  
—A Western paper is dead. In its last gasp it faintly whispered, "Two hundred subscribers, and only thirty one of them paid up."  
—A young man in the country announces that he will give a chromo to the young lady who will take him for better or worse.  
—A Washington dentist advertises for "the front tooth of a girl 14 years old. Will pay liberally, and replace artistically."  
—A woman who was divorced and resumed her maiden name at Belfast, in the forenoon, the other day, was married again before night.  
—A little girl upon her return from a children's party, being asked if she had a good time, replied, "Yes, but there wasn't much boys there."  
—The current copper cent is a convenient measure of length when rules are not present; four of them placed edge to edge measure just three inches.  
—A Rochester (N. Y.) scientist recently dined with several friends, including two or three ladies, upon a nine-year-old rattlesnake, the flesh of which is said to have tasted like an oel.  
—A Connecticut genius has invented a self-opening coffin, with telegraphic alarm attachment, for the convenience of those who come to life after they are buried.  
—A cake of ice sawed out by an Iowa City man had frozen in it a bass, which is described as being perfect to the end of its fins, and having the appearance of swimming.  
—During the nine months of 1874, of which statistics have been published, there was a large decrease in the consumption of spirituous liquors in Ireland.  
—The Rev. Miss Haines, of Hallowell, officiated as chaplain in the Main Senate on Saturday, being the first woman that ever acted in that capacity in the Legislature.  
—A number of the old wooden line of battle ships in the British navy, are in course of being broken up. The men employed are paid \$2.50 gold per ton for their work.  
—A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was purchased, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring: "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"  
—The fastest railroad time on record is said to have been made not long since on the New York Central Railroad by a special train, which carried a party of officials from Rochester to Syracuse, 81 miles in 61 miles.  
—"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorable, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather Charles should divide it."

It is understood that the Pope's golden rose will be bestowed this year on Queen Marie, the mother of King Louis II, of Bavaria, whose recent conversion to the Roman Catholic faith created so much excitement in the religious world.  
—Baggs got up too early one morning, and began to scold the servant girl. His little six-year old, who had been listening attentively during the conversation, broke in with, "Father, stop scolding; you needn't think that Jane's your wife."

AMERICANS ARE A NATION OF DYSPETICS.—We live fast, dissipate and fill early graves. We drink all kinds of alcoholic spirits, and swallow, without mastication, pork, grease, and every kind of life-destroying, system-clogging, indigestible food. DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS will remove the evil effects, and the recovered patient, with pure, vitalized electrical blood flowing through his veins, will have a clearer head and a cooler judgement, which added to experience, will cause him to abstain in the future.

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The Lily Balm will speedily remove the blemish, and impart softness, transparency, a rosy tinge and a pearl like lustre to the complexion. It contains no poison. It is the best and cheapest Toilet article ever offered to the public. Full directions on the label of each bottle. Price, 50 cents per bottle.  
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For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild, aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral poison. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief when needed. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the PILLS with which disease abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and stimulated into action. This incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.  
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An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these PILLS makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.  
Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.  
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.  
Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Spleen, Goitre, Scrophulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.  
For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.  
Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.  
For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Eruptions, Itch, Scuffs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.  
Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.  
For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the time of life, these Bitters display no decided influence that improvement is soon perceptible.  
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.  
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